

School by kathasaurus_rex

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Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff, High School, Kissing, eeeeeeee

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Summary:

Eleven goes to school... and it's a lot. But luckily, she has all her favorite people around her.

School

Author's Note:

Hey y'all! I have tons of plans for this series, and I can't wait to share them all with you! Feel free to send me prompts at my tumblr!

Tumblr: @ghostlykath

El still wasn't sure she wanted to go to school with the boys. She heard the way they talked - about the bullies. She didn't want to be bullied. And she knew she would be, with her constant questioning. There would be good things about school, though... the boys were there. She could bike every day with Will, and she could get out of the house.

So she made her decision, and she told Hopper and Joyce.

"You want to go to school?" Joyce asked softly. They were standing on the back porch, and she had a cigarette in hand.

El nodded, curls bouncing. Her hair was longer than it ever had been, and she often kept it pulled back, out of her face. "I want to learn, Joyce. I want to... experience." She wrung her hands together as she paced back and forth. "I am smart enough to go to school -"

"Hey! No one has ever said you're not smart enough." Joyce said, moving to pull her into a hug. "It was never about that. Hop and I were just worried that it would be too much on you, that it would be overwhelming. But if you believe that you're ready... I will bring this up to Hop, and we will discuss it. Alright?"

El nodded, smile stretching across her face. *School. Mike.*

Hopper had been right. School was a *lot*. Of course she had entered the public school system just in time for high school, just to be at the

bottom of the totem pool. The Chief had agreed to drive them their first day, just to make sure that they got there alright (he had to finish filling out some paperwork for El anyways).

“Mike,” El breathed out, not even waiting until the car had completely stopped before throwing open the door and running towards the bike racks. Will followed after her, shouting a goodbye to the older man and slamming the door shut as he ran to catch up.

They were still hugging. Will exchanged a disgusted face with Dustin as Lucas and Max walked up, holding hands.

“Are you guys ready to rock this shit?” Dustin said, grinning.

“I’m ready to graduate,” Max replied. “Oh, wait, we have four years until that happens. Wake me up when high school is over, please.”

El pulled back, arms still wrapped around Mike’s neck. He blushed a little but smiled down at her. “You look beautiful today,” he said softly. “Well, you look beautiful everyday, but... eh... you know what I mean.”

She nodded, leaning in for one more hug before pulling away. “Are we going to go inside now?”

“That’s probably a good idea. Let’s go.” Lucas started towards the front doors, almost pulling Max along with him. Eventually she matched his pace, and they walked together. Dustin followed after eagerly; Will looked at the building nervously before taking a deep breath and walking.

El took Mike’s hand in her own and looked up at him. “Ready?”

“Ready.”

And so, they went.

No one told her that school was exhausting. Exciting, but exhausting. She had grown used to hearing “Jane” called out all day, rather than El. It had been strange, but she liked it... although the boys and Max knew better.

Joyce was waiting outside, leaned up against the outside of the car. She waved happily when she saw them, and El ran ahead to hug her close. Why did she feel so emotional? (Mike would later tell her that it was probably from the excitement and stress of starting something new.) Will lumbered up a few moments later, and Mike walked his bike up.

“Can I come over today, Mrs. Byers?” he asked.

“Of course you can. We’ll meet you at the house, alright?”

Mike nodded, flashing El a smile before taking off, pedaling fast. He would, after that, always try to beat them.

During the drive back to the house, Joyce asked many questions, but she wasn’t surprised when it was Will who answered. Sometimes, El liked to remain silent, and those who knew her best would never push her to talk when she didn’t want to. She pulled up into the driveway and parked, watching as the kids immediately bolted to get into the house.

El needed to cool down a bit before Mike (and, inevitably, the rest of the gang) arrived. It had been a long, hot day, and she wanted to change out of her sweaty clothes and into something a little more wrestle-worthy. [Her and Will wrestled like it was going out of style. She usually let him win.]

She went about the usual motions of washing her face and gently rubbing in the moisturizer that Joyce had picked out for her. It was important because of... she tried to remember the word. Ah! Acne.

After changing into an old striped t-shirt of Jonathan’s and her overalls, she tumbled back down the stairs, nearly toppling into Dustin, who already had a rocket pop from the freezer.

“You want one? I can grab it for you.”

“Sure.”

She watched him walk back into the kitchen and then started out towards the backyard. Mike was already swinging on the porch swing. His face lit up when he saw her, and he scooted over a bit to make room for her. She curled up beside him, waiting for him to drape an arm around her shoulders and leaning back against his chest.

“You know,” he started, “I’m really proud of you, for coming to school. It was really nice to have you there.”

El turned until she was looking up at him, and smiled. “I liked it. It was a little scary, but fun. And I got to spend a lot of the day with you... except for stupid English.”

Mike laughed and kissed her forehead. “You’ll get there. Trust me, I don’t particularly want to be in Honors English.” Then he moved to kiss her properly, lips parting as she moved to run her fingers into his curls.

They pulled apart when the door swung open and Dustin walked out with Will. El held out her hand, and was immediately handed her rocket pop.

“Lucas and Max were being gross. They probably haven’t even left the school yet.” Dustin sank down onto the porch floor and kicked out his legs. “Maybe we can play vampire tag?”

Will laughed. “You would think we would have outgrown that game, but damn, we still kick ass, don’t we?”

Dustin and Will high-fived and all four teenagers did the werewolf call that was classic with the game they had invented the previous summer.

When Lucas and Max finally showed up, they launched into their game, screaming and running around the backyard as the sun began to descend in the sky.